

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of this paper May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

83 Cottage St., Melrose, Mass.
JAN. 11th, 1904.
"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time. I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water to-day and he pronounced it all right and in a healthy condition."

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am,
Very truly yours,
C. RICHARDSON."

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, being obliged to pass your water

frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, salivary complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale at drug stores the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Elmhurst, N. Y., on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing, be sure to say that you read this generous offer in this paper.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but he who laughs last laughs best.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Jews are barred from Siberia as being undesirable settlers.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE.
Wiggle's still, blue color for spot clothes. Contains 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send 10c for the Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

When we take up another's burden, God takes up ours.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

SKIN ERUPTIONS ARE FATAL TO WOMAN'S BEAUTY.
LYPTOZONE CURATIVE SOAP
Cures pimples, blotches, acne, eczema and all disfiguring skin humors, beautifying and preserving the skin in a smooth and healthy condition. Try it—the effect is magical.
Price, 25c Per Cake, Postpaid.
Sample cake and pamphlet on care of the skin for 3c stamp to cover postage.
LYPTOZONE CHEMICAL CO., 1580 5th Ave., N. Y.

BEFORE USING **AFTER USING**

Save Your Thresh Bill

The ordinary old-style small cylinder wastes enough grain and time to pay your thresh bill.

Why not save the grain ordinarily put into the straw stack? Why not save the time which the ordinary threshing outfit wastes for you?

This can be done by employing the **RED RIVER SPECIAL**.

It has the **Big Cylinder**, with lots of concave and grate surface.

It has the **Man Behind the Gun**, that does most of the separating right at the cylinder.

Besides these, it has all the separating capacity of other machines. It runs right along, saving your grain and saving time, regardless of conditions.

There has come improvements in threshing machinery the same as in everything else.

NICHOLS & SHEPARD CO.,

Builders of Threshers and Engines,
50 YEARS IN BUSINESS.

As the modern self-binder is ahead of the old reaper of forty years ago, so is the **Big Cylinder and Man Behind the Gun** ahead of the small cylinder old-style threshers.

The old-style threshers with its small cylinder and limited separating capacity, has stood for years without improvement.

The **RED RIVER SPECIAL** is fully up with the times.

It is built for modern, up-to-date work; to thresh well; to thresh fast; to save time and money for both the breacher and farmer. It does it. There are reasons why. Send for our new book on threshing, it gives them and it is free.

Employ the **RED RIVER SPECIAL**. It is the only machine which has the **Man Behind the Gun**, and saves enough grain and time to pay your thresh bill.

Battle Creek, Mich.

BRANCH HOUSES AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

STRATFORD BELLS.

One Sabbath eve betwixt green Avon's banks
In a dream-world we hour by hour did float;
The rudding swans moved by in stately ranks
With soft, sad eyes the cattle watched our boat.
We, passionate pilgrims from a far-off land,
Beyond the "vexed Bermoothes"—oh, how dear
That strange, sweet picture, by the enchanter's wand
Familiar to our spirits made, and near!
Then suddenly a loud and resonant sound
Thrilled from the skies and waters; lo! the chiming
Of Stratford rang and rang; the very ground
Murmured, as with a deep-voiced poet's rhymes,
While swift melodious tone on tone was hurled.
'Twas Shakespeare's music brimmed the trembling world.
—F. R. F.



Dr. Fosdick thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood looking down at the girl with an odd mixture of determination and entreaty in his expression.

For the first time in his life his tongue had bungled, and his words had but haltingly expressed the meaning he had intended. This had irritated him extremely, and he stood very straight and dignified, trying by magnificent outward calm to atone for his recent nervousness.

The girl's averted face was undeniably pretty, and just now a deep flush lent it additional charm. She had known for a long time that, sooner or later, this moment would come.

She had prepared herself for it; yet now that it was here she had suddenly weakened into irresolution. The doctor watched her keenly.

At length she turned in her chair, and her eyes met his squarely.

"There are many reasons, Bob," she said, softly, "why I should say 'yes.'"

The doctor permitted himself a smile of encouragement and satisfaction.

"And there are more, I think, why I should say 'no,'" she pursued.

"Katharine!" he was startled into expositulating.

"I'm going to be perfectly frank with you," she said.

"Do," he urged tersely.

"I shan't say that I don't care for you. It isn't that! Indeed, I scarcely know how to make you understand just what it is that makes me hesitate to marry you. I honor you and trust you, but I think there is too much in your makeup. It there were some foibles, some little weakness in you, you would be more—more human. You bend things to your will. I think I'm afraid of you."

The doctor's chin went up, and he laughed in evident relief.

"Don't, please," said the girl reproachfully. "It's serious."

"I know, dear; I know," said the doctor hastily, "but knowing countless weak points in myself as I do, it seems absurd, I'll develop some of these immediately."

"I should detect shams at once," she warned him.

"I can assure you, I'm not a tyrant," he said earnestly. "Mayn't I have my answer now?"

"I'll give you an answer in a month," said the girl, "but please—please don't be too hopeful."

The month was nearly up. Katharine Thorpe had gone over the matter countless times—something thoughtfully, sometimes wistfully, sometimes tearfully.

But always her mind had been shaping itself toward the inevitable. She could never marry Bob Fosdick. Love him? She could not blind herself to the fact that she did; but with a feeling akin to acute terror she recognized that in his larger, stronger individuality her own would be crushed and helpless.

She was going to a matinee that

Stood looking down at the girl.

March afternoon with the Brewsters, and just a trifle downcast, she sat quite alone in the dim front parlor of the Brewster house, while the two Brewster girls—always procrastinating—were upstairs arraying themselves.

The big folding doors between the front and back parlors were drawn together, and from behind them came a piping, childish voice and weak trembles of laughter. It was evident that little Ted Brewer, with his poor, twisted spine, was in there enjoying the afternoon sun.

Presently the doorbell jangled and some one was admitted—some one who walked with firm, swift steps down the hall to the back parlor. Katharine knew those steps, and her breath quickened.

She heard the door from the hall into the back parlor opened; heard little Ted's cheerful "Hello, Doc!" and leaned forward eagerly in her chair to listen.

"Hello, old chap!" she heard Bob Fosdick's voice say. "Sunning?"

"Sure," came Ted's piping voice. "What you in the bag?"

"Lots of things," was the noncommittal reply.

"Any plaster of paris?"

"Why, yes," said Fosdick. "We've got to change the cast this afternoon, you know, laddie."

"No, sir-ee. Not this afternoon," said Ted, with a force that was ridiculous in the piping voice.

"O, I say, old chap," began Fosdick in conciliatory tones.

"Not to-day," said the small voice flatly.

Evidently the doctor went about his preparations, for presently the small voice advised:

"Better put 'em back in the bag, Doc. To-morrow you can string me up by the arms, if you want to, but not to-day."

"Why not to-day?" From the doctor's voice it was plain he was losing ground.

"Too nice lying in the sun here," Ted explained. "It may rain to-morrow."

"Suppose it doesn't?" the doctor suggested.

"We'll wait and see," said Ted.

A moment later the authoritative pipe of a voice commanded:

"You can't go yet, Doc. You've got to read to me."

"I'll ask your mother to read to you, old chap."

"You read," the child commanded.

"You see, I'm awfully busy this afternoon," Fosdick began.

"The bird book is on the table by the fireplace," said Ted.

The point was carried. Katharine heard Fosdick draw up a chair and begin to read aloud. Occasionally he

paused, for what reason was quite evident, for with each break in the reading Ted's voice affirmed: "I'm awake all right. Go on, Doc."

After a time the doctor paused and there was no response. Katharine heard him steal cautiously from the room. In the hall Mrs. Brewer accosted him.

"Is it over?" she asked, in low tones.

"We didn't change the cast to-day," said Fosdick, apologetically. "I've been reading to him ever since I came."

Mrs. Brewer laughed softly.

"If we can straighten that spine of his," the doctor went on, "I think the young man will have his share of success in the world. He rules me like a satrap, I'll admit."

Mrs. Brewer said something very low to the doctor, and in another moment he entered the parlor.

"I have heard it all," said Katharine, rising to greet him.

Something in her shining eyes set his pulse throbbing.

"Katharine!" he said. "Then—"

"I'm not afraid of you any more," she whispered.—Barry Preston in Boston Globe.

A Musician's Wife.

Dr. Elgar is one of those fortunate men whose wives are helpmates in a very liberal and practical sense, for it is said that we owe to Mrs. Elgar some of the most beautiful words—notably two charming songs—to which her husband's music has been wedded. There are several other notable men whose wives are thus able to share their work. To mention but a few, there are M. and Mme. Curie, who together have made the epoch-making discovery of radium; Sir Lawrence and Lady Tadmora ply the brush in adjacent studios and criticize and help each other's work; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb study and write ably together on economic problems; Mr. and Mrs. Meynell ply equally busy pens, and so do Mr. and Mrs. Leigh-ton, rivals and partners in fiction, and Mr. and Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.—Westminster Gazette.

Made Money From Free Meals.

One of the oldest institutions in the city of Melbourne, Australia, known as the "eight o'clock rush," is in danger of extinction. For half a century a philanthropic restaurant proprietor has been giving a free meal at 8 o'clock every evening to newly arrived immigrants or respectable persons who were temporarily "down on their luck." No professional loafers or chronically unemployed were encouraged. The attendance averaged about a hundred, and every Melbourne journalist considered it his duty to write a description of the scene at least once in his career. The proprietor of the restaurant is now retired from business. He is said to have received legacies from people whom he had thus befriended and who afterward prospered.

Dopey's Dinner Invitation.

Chauncey M. Dopey was accosted by a beggar who had "seen better days." The man wanted five cents. The senator shook his head and passed on. But the man followed him.

"Please give me five cents; I've had no dinner," he persisted.

"Neither have I," replied the senator shortly.

"Very well, then," said the fellow, suddenly assuming an air of patronage, "make it ten, and we'll dine together."—New York Times.

A Long Sleep.

An agricultural laborer in Russia is reported to have slept for seven months. He "dropped off" while at work in the fields, was carried home, and remained slumbering for the period mentioned, watched from time to time by physicians. Curiously enough, he lost so little flesh that no attempt was made to feed him. When he awoke he was as weak as an infant, but after a fortnight's nursing was strong enough to return to his work.

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Found Gold in a Hen Coop.

Two boys, W. O. and C. P. Danielson of Medford, Ore., in March, 1894, while cleaning out an old chicken house for a family by the name of Roberts, found buried under the surface \$7,000 in coin. The Roberts family claimed the money and the boys turned it over to them. Afterwards the boys brought a suit in court to recover the money, on the ground that they had found it and were entitled to it, as against all the world, except the owner. The Roberts family claimed that one of their number had buried the money there, and that in fact the money was not lost. The case is now before the supreme court of Oregon as to who is entitled to the money. The interesting information was developed at the trial that the Roberts family gave to each of the boys five cents, and expressed the hope that the Lord would bless them.

An Illuminating Crab.

One of the marine curiosities fished some time ago from the bottom of the Indian ocean was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity emitted by the common glow-worm. The crab was captured in the daytime and placed in a large tank containing specimens of fish, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab lit up the tank so that the other creatures in it could be plainly seen.

Whole Alphabet Here.

In this ingenious monogram every letter of the alphabet can be made out.

Small Claims Paid by Government.

There have been several 1-cent claims against the United States government. One was by the Southern Pacific, which submitted a bill of \$5.29 for hauling government freight. It was a board-angled road, only part of its bills against the government being paid in cash, the rest going to the railroad's credit on the bonds. In this case its credit was \$5.28 and its cash 1 cent. Another government obligation of a single cent was in favor of a chemical company, which, for some unexplained reason, agreed in a public competition to supply 16,892 pounds of ethyl ether for 1 cent. The offer was accepted. There were nine signatures, one that of a rear-admiral, on the paper, relating to the establishment of this claim and the warrant for payment had to be signed by several persons.

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ACTOR FEARED A MIX-UP.

Japanese Valet and Russian Wolfhound Not a Good Combination.

William H. Crane, the actor, has as many friends in Washington as an Ohio politician.

The lawmakers have never forgotten his favorite play of some seasons ago, and he is always called Crane recently "Senator."

Mr. played in Washington, and was royally received at the White House, the Capitol and the clubs. While at one of the latter a gentleman who had enjoyed the actor's performance remarked:

"Well, Crane, I want to make you a present. I'm going to give you a dog."

"What breed?" asked the actor.

"A Russian wolfhound," was the reply.

"Sorry," said Mr. Crane, "but I can't accept a Russian wolfhound."

"Why?" asked the friend in surprise.

"I have a Japanese valet," answered the actor, "and as for myself, I'm neutral."—New York Times.

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